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Recent Deaths

Mr. William J. Underwood has sold her cottage on Touro Park West and will spend the remainder of the winter visiting her relatives.

Lady Betty Across the Water

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

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[CONTINUED.]

Nothing more happened that day, but there are two nice American girls on board, about my own age or a little older (they seem years older, for they are so charming and self-possessed), and Mrs. Ess Kay encourages me to like them, as they are in Mrs. Van der Windt's party. I grew quite well acquainted with them the third day out, and they asked me to go and watch the play in the stateroom, who had a ticket for which was lots of fun. I went and saw the bronze young man again. He was standing with his arms folded across his blue flannel shirt, leaning against one of the supports of a kind of bridge, looking up toward the first class deck. Our eyes met as they had before, and I was so abashed that I felt myself blushing. I could have boxed my own ears, and though the trained dog really was a pet I didn't stay long.

It is strange how certain kinds of eyes haunt me. You see them in the air, as if they were really looking at you—especially when you are just dropping off to sleep. I think gray ones do this more than others. Perhaps it is because they are more piercing.

But it was the fourth day that the climax came—the climax which has ended by upsetting me so much and has made everything so uncomfortable.

The weather was glorious—all blue and gold after a sulky, leaden day—and there was dancing down on the stateroom deck again. Though it was so fine, the water was not smooth like a floor as it had been at first, but broken into halcyon waves rimmed irregularly with silver lace and edged with shimmering pearl fringe.

The same performance was going on down there on the crowded deck that I'd seen the first day, and Sally Woodburn and I, who had been walking, counting, the times we went around to make two miles—stopped to glance at the show.

"There's that good looking man Cousin Katherine classifies as a 'bulking animal,'" said Sally. "I must really consult the dictionary for a definition of the word 'bulking.' I don't know whether it's a verb or adjective, do you?"

"No, I don't," said I. "But which ever it is, I'm sure he doesn't do it. He's a gentleman, and something strange has happened or he wouldn't be there. I do think it's a shame. It must be horrible."

"Don't you think Cousin Katherine knows more about such persons than you?" asked Sally, and there was such a funny quaver in her voice that I turned to see what it meant. She was laughing, but whether at me or at Mrs. Ess Kay or at the man with the lobster claw nose I couldn't tell, and before I could answer her question by asking another something happened, which put the whole conversation out of my mind.

The ship courted to a wave of more importance than any that had gone before, then righted herself quickly. We slid a little, everybody who could catch hold of the rail or of some friend's arm, laughing, but down on the stateroom deck there rose a cry which wasn't laughter.

"Child overboard!" some one screamed. And I realized with a horrid feeling like suffocation that a tiny boy down below, who had climbed up on the rail to watch the dancing, was missing.

It was a woman who had screamed, and everything followed so quickly that my mind was confused, as if a whirlwind had rushed through it and blown all the impressions on top of one another in a heap. There was a babel of voices on the stateroom deck, more cries and shouts and screams, and people surged in a solid wave toward the rail to look over. But of that wave sprang one figure separating itself from the other atoms, and then I heard myself give a cry, too, for the man who had been in my thoughts had thrown off his coat and vaulted over the rail into the sea.

"Jove! He'll be caught by the propeller!" I heard somebody near me say.

I turned sick. The thought of his life being crushed out while we all looked on helpless was awful. The sea was terrible enough in itself—the great, wide, merciless, blue water, which sparkled so coldly and laughed in its power—but to be crunched up by the jaws of a monster—I shut my eyes and couldn't open them until I heard men saying the strong wind to starboard might save him. I believe I must have been unconsciously praying, and my hands were clasped so tightly together that afterward my fingers ached.

People on our deck made a rush toward the stern, on the port side, for the ship had been steaming so fast that already we were forging away from the child who had fallen and the man who had jumped after him. Sally and I were carried along with the rush. She seized me by the hand, but we didn't speak a word. If dear friends instead of two strangers in a far remote sphere of life had been in deadly danger I don't think the sickness in my heart could have been worse. I would have given years if at that moment I could have had the magical power to stop the ship instantly with one wave of my hand.

But it was being stopped by another power than mine. I felt the deck shiver under my feet like a thoroughbred horse pulled on its haunches. The accident had been seen from the bridge. An order to stop the ship had

been telegraphed down to the engine room and obeyed. Still when Sally Woodburn and I had been carried by the crowd far enough toward the stern to look out over the blue wilderness of water we were leaving behind the ship's heart hadn't ceased its throb, throb, to which we had all grown so accustomed in the last few days.

"He's got the child!" exclaimed Sally. "See, he's hauling the little creature onto his back with one hand and swimming with the other. Glorious fellow!"

Yes, there were two heads bobbing like black corks in the tossing waves close together. I pictured so vividly what my sensations would be if I were down there a mere speck in that vast expanse of blue that I almost tasted salt water in my mouth and felt the choking throb of it in my lungs.

Then suddenly the ship's heart ceased to beat, and the unaccustomed stillness was as startling as an unexpected noise. A boat shot down from the davits, with several sailors on board. A few seconds later they were rowing away toward those two bobbing black corks, and I loved them as they bent to their oars.

"I can't remember breathing once, or even blinking, until I saw the child being lifted into the boat and the man climbing in after. What a shout went up from the ship! Sally clapped her pretty, dimpled hands, but I only let my breath go at last in a great sigh.

There was such a crush that I couldn't see them when they came on board, but there was more shouting and hurrahing, and men slapped each other on the shoulders and laughed.

Throb, throb went the machinery again, and there was no sign that anything out of the monotonous round had happened, except in the excited way that people talked. Several men who knew paid a visit to the stateroom and came back with stories which flew about from group to group in the first class cabin and no doubt the second too.

It seemed that the little boy, who had fallen into the sea was the only son of his mother, a widow. They were Swedes, and the woman, who is on her way to the States to try and find a place as a servant, was quite prostrated with the agonizing suspense she had suffered. As for the little boy himself, he was not seriously the worse for his experience. The doctor was with him and said that he would be as well as ever in a few hours. A subscription for the mother and child had already been started among the first class passengers and would probably be made up to quite a good sum.

"But what is going to be done for the one who saved the little boy's life?" I asked the man who was telling me the news, a Mr. Doremus, who is a cousin of Mrs. Van der Windt's, very full of fun and good natured.

"A nice little pedestal labeled 'Our Hero' will be built out of the ladies' admiration and given to him to pose on," said Mr. Doremus. "However, I must say for the gentleman—though I've only seen him dripping wet and shaking himself like a 'big dog'—he didn't give me the impression of being the sort of chap to say 'thank you' for the perch."

"Of course he isn't!" said I. "But I do think it's a shame if he's left out when subscriptions are going round. Of course he must be poor or he wouldn't be traveling in the stateroom. Something ought to be done to show him that the passengers admire his bravery—not anything fulsome, but something nice."

"I guess you don't know the American disposition yet as well as you will after you've wrestled with it on its native heath for a few months," remarked Mr. Doremus in his quaint way. "That chap down in the steerage, age is an American, whatever else he may be, or I'll cut my best hat, and I wouldn't for five cents be in the department to present him with the something 'not fulsome, but nice' on a little silver salver. I should expect him to give me the frosty mitt."

This expression struck me as being so funny that I burst out laughing, though I had to stop and think for a second before I could quite see what Mr. Doremus really meant, but I wouldn't forget my point in a laugh.

"Perhaps it wouldn't do to offer money," I went on. "Suppose we got up a subscription to buy him a second class passage for the rest of the way. That would show appreciation, wouldn't it?"

"It would," replied Mr. Doremus gravely, "and if you'll start the subscription, Lady Betty, it'll go like wildfire."

"Very well, then, I will," said I, "though I'd rather some one else did it."

"It wouldn't be so popular from any other quarter. I'll help you. We'll go floating around together and pass the plate, and if you like I'll do the talking."

I agreed to this, and if I'd thought about it at all I should have supposed that Mrs. Ess Kay would be as pleased as Punch with such an arrangement, because Mr. Doremus, as a relative of Mrs. Van der Windt's, is the only man on board to whom she makes herself agreeable. It appears that he has started several fashions in New York, the most important being to drive in some park they have there without a hat. But probably if the truth were known he lost it, like the fox that tried to make his friends chop off their tails.

Mrs. Ess Kay had gone to her stateroom soon after lunch, as the mother

of the ship had given her a headache, and I didn't happen to be near Sally Woodburn. So I said "yes" to Mr. Doremus in the impulse of the moment without stopping to think whether I ought to ask permission first.

We had great fun going about for Mr. Doremus was so witty and said such amusing things to the people he began of that I could hardly speak for laughing, and every one else laughed too. I wished that he wouldn't put me forward always and say it was my idea and I'd started the subscription. But he argued that I must sacrifice myself for the success of the charity just as I would at home if I had to work off damaged pianos or day before yesterday's fashions at a bazaar. Of course, not being out, I've never sold anything at a bazaar, but Victoria is continually doing it in the season, and she makes quite a virtue of forcing perfect strangers to "stand and deliver," as she calls it.

This seemed much the same sort of thing to me, and so I felt nice and virtuous, too, as Vic does when she comes home with a new frock torn and stepped on and lies in bed late next day, with Thompson to brush her hair and me to read to her.

People were very kind, and though they laughed a great deal, they gave so much that before we'd been half the rounds Mr. Doremus said he had more than enough for our friend. He wanted to know if I would like to "hit the nail on the head" and settle matters at once by arranging with the purser for a second class cabin to be put at the hero's disposal. I wanted him to do that part alone, but he pretended to be shy and said he had grown to depend so entirely on my co-operation that he felt unequal to undertaking any responsibility without



There were two heads bobbing like black corks.

It. He told the same story to the purser that he had told others about my being the one to start the subscription, and he wanted me to sign a kind of letter which he wrote, to the effect that the passengers had chosen this way of testifying their appreciation of a gallant deed and so on, but I wouldn't, and he stopped teasing at last when he saw that I was going to be vexed.

After the business was what Mr. Doremus called "fixed up," he took me back to my chair on deck. Sally wasn't in her place, and as I was wondering what had become of her the dressing for dinner bugle went calling over the ship like a hungry banshee. I said to myself that Sally must have gone early because her frock was to be particularly elaborate. I felt conscious of having heaps of interesting things to tell, and I understood exactly what Victoria means when she says she's in one of her "pretty and popular moods."

I danced into our stateroom, where only a drawn curtain covers the open doorway. No one was there, and the cabin was so quiet that it seemed to greet me with a warning "Shh!"

Down fell my spirits with a dull thud, though I didn't know why. My joyousness changed to what story book writers describe as a "foreboding of disaster," but when I have it it's generally connected with a lecture from mother, so I know it only as a sneaky "I haven't eaten the green" sort of feeling.

Just as I had begun to take off my frock Louise appeared at the door which leads into the little drawing room. She said that if I pleased madam would be glad to see me in her cabin. I hurried across to the other stateroom opposite to ours and there found Mrs. Ess Kay in a gorgeously embroidered pink satin Japanese thing which she calls a kimono. She was sitting in a chair in front of the makeshift dressing table putting on her rings and clasping bracelets on her wrists with velvet snaps. Sally, who hadn't begun to dress, was standing up looking almost cross—that is, with different features from hers she might have succeeded in looking cross.

"Sit down, Betty, please. I want to talk to you," said Mrs. Ess Kay. "Somehow it always makes me feel stiff when she 'Betty's' me, as my old nurse says it does with your ears if you eat bean beans."

"I'll do it shall be late for dinner," said I, just as if a minute ago I hadn't been dying to pour out my news.

"Never mind dinner, my dear girl," replied Mrs. Ess Kay, with an air which I do believe she tried to copy from mother. "What I have to say is more important than dinner. I hope what I have been hearing isn't true."

"That depends upon what it was," I retorted, disguising my pertness with a smile.

"Don't think I've been tattling," said Sally. "Whatever my faults may be, I haven't a rubber neck."

I didn't know in the least what she meant. But afterward she explained that if your neck is always pivoting around to pry into other people's affairs it is a rubber neck, and I shall remember the expression to tell Stan when I go home. He will like to add it to his collection of strange beasts.

Mrs. Ess Kay partly turned her back upon Sally. "The dear delectable" (she always speaks of mother in that way), "the dear delectable has trusted you to my charge, Betty, and I don't know what I shall do if you take advantage of me by playing naughty tricks when

over I am incapacitated from chaperoning you for half an hour."

One would have thought I was a trained dog! I simply stared with saucer eyes, and she went on. "Mrs. Collingwood came in to inquire for my headache, and she told me that you had been running about begging for money to give to a common man in the stateroom. I sent instantly for Sally, but she either knows or pretends to know nothing."

I rushed into explanations, sure that when Mrs. Ess Kay understood I should be pronounced "not guilty." But, to my surprise, her chin grew harder and squarer and her eyes harder and higher till they looked almost white.

"I don't want to be harsh," she said at last in the tone people use when they're walking on the ragged edge of their patience, "but for the delectable I must be firm. It was very wrong of Tommy Doremus to let you make yourself so conspicuous. This may lead to your being dreadfully misunderstood and putting yourself and all of us in a false position. The man may be a butcher, for all you know."

"His complexion isn't pink and white enough for a butcher's," said I. "Besides, I thought that in America one man was as good as another."

"You were never more mistaken to your life, my dear girl, than the sooner you correct such an impression the better or you may get into serious trouble from which I can't save you. If the steering man isn't a butcher, he's probably a professional swimmer and the whole thing was a scheme to advertise himself. In fact, I am pretty certain from what Mrs. Collingwood said it was that. And I want you to promise me solemnly that you will not go around helping to advertise the creature any more. If you say you admire such a person, people will think you're like the matinee girls who wait at stage doors and run after actors."

I was so angry that I "talked back," and it finally ended in our relations being somewhat strained at dinner, which ruined my appetite until a peculiarly soothing food pudding came on.

Afterward Mrs. Ess Kay was cool to Mr. Doremus and would have been cold, I think, if he weren't Mrs. Van der Windt's cousin. He lounged up to our place on deck to give me the news that the third class hero (as he calls the bronze young man) refused to be second class. He had asked permission to give the cabin, offered him to the child whose life he had saved and the mother.

"It's for you to say yes or no, Lady Betty," announced Mr. Doremus, "because it's your show. You set the top spinning."

"She is to have nothing more to do with the affair," Mrs. Ess Kay answered for me quickly. "She is very sorry she commenced it and has lost the small interest she felt in the beginning. I do hope that tramp or beggar or whatever he is hasn't got it in his conceited head that Lady Betty Buikley has bothered herself about his insignificant affairs, or he'll be thrusting himself upon her notice in some way which will be very disagreeable for me, as her guardian."

"Well, he has sent a message of thanks to everyone concerned," said Mr. Tommy Doremus. "I don't know whether he put Lady Betty at the top of the list or not, and if that's the way you feel about our nice little stunt I expect it's just as well not to inquire further."

All the rest of the trip has been spoiled for me by the hateful way in which the excitement of that day ended, and it does seem too bad, for everything might have been so nice.

Whether people really do make ill natured jokes or not I don't know. But anyhow, Mrs. Ess Kay keeps hinting that they do, which is almost as disagreeable for me. She says that they have nicknamed the bronze man "Lady Betty's hero," and this has made me so self-conscious that I can't bear to go near the part of the deck where you look over into the stateroom for fear some silly creature may think I'm trying to see him. I feel as if I had been a conspicuous idiot, and I'm so uncomfortable with Mrs. Ess Kay now that I expect to be wretched in her house. I can't talk it over even with Sally, because after all she's Mrs. Ess Kay's cousin. I wish I had a nose two inches long and green hair, and then perhaps mother and Vic would have let me step at home.

Still I can't help taking an interest in ship life, and now that it's the morning of the last day on board I look back on it all as if it ought to have been even more fun than it was. I enjoyed hearing about the marconigrams when they came. It seemed like living in a tale by Stan's favorite, Jules Verne, to have messages come flying to us in midocean like invisible carrier pigeons. I enjoyed having Mr. Doremus tell me about his luck in the big pools when the men bet on the day's run, and I'm afraid I rather revelled in seeing a row on deck one evening when one man, accused another of being a cheat and a professional gambler and almost cried about some money he'd lost. If I had been the first man I wouldn't have trusted the other in the beginning, because he had fat lips, greasy black curls and wicked eyes so close together you felt they might run into one if he winked too hard on a hot day. But if I had been so stupid as to trust him I would have been ashamed to make a fuss afterward. I think people ought to be sporting.

I liked the "captain's dinner," too, in honor of the last night on board, with the flags and paper flower decorations, the band playing military music, the dishes on the menu named after famous generals and the stewards filing in in a long procession when the salon had been darkened, each carrying a bright colored, illuminated lee and cake with tiny English and American and German flags stuck into the top.

Yes, I liked everything, except—but now it is nearly over, America is just round the corner of the world.

Chapter 3

AFTER you have seen nothing but water for days it's odd how excited you are on seeing a little land. Just a little, little land and not at all interesting to look at; a strip of gray sand or a patch of green grass, and you have been only a few days away from such things, yet somehow you want to jump up and down and shout for joy.

More than half the first class passengers on our ship were Americans, coming home, and I suppose they had gone away because they wanted to go. If they had liked they could have stayed in their own country as well as not, and I heard some of them saying during the voyage that if they could they would spend nine months out of the year in Paris. But they made as much fuss over the first lump of sand we saw as if we were discovering the north pole. Some of them had taken this trip a dozen times or maybe more, but any one would have thought it was as new to them as to me.

It seemed as if I were sailing in a dream, to a dreamland, and everything would be a dream till I found myself waking up at home. If any one had plucked me I hardly believe I should have felt it as I stood by the rail while we steamed toward New York. We passed a big fort and some neat little houses, which looked like officers' quarters. There was Long Island and Conny Island, which Mr. Doremus said I must be "personally conducted" to see some day when I felt young and frivolous. And by and by, I heard people exclaiming: "There's Liberty—there she is! Bless the dear old girl!"

While I was wondering whether they were talking of a lady or a ship I caught sight of a majestic glaucous, obligingly holding a torch up to light the world. Then I knew it was the statue which I had read about.

"What do you think of her?" asked Mr. Doremus.

"She's a grande dame," I said. "Now I know why your girls hold themselves so well. They're trying to live up to the ideal American woman. But she isn't as big as I thought she would be. Nothing ever is as big as you think it's going to be, especially when Americans have told you about it, for none has been brought up to believe that their big things are bigger than anybody else's in the whole world."

"So they are," said Mr. Doremus, "only where all the things are big you don't notice them for the high grass; and over there's some of the grass."

He pointed, and I saw a great number of enormous objects, shaped like chimneys and apparently about a mile high, scattered aimlessly along the horizon, which was a brilliant, blinding blue.

"What are they?" I asked. "Great, strange factories of some sort?"

"No. Houses where pretty women live and offices where men make the money for them to live on."

"You must be joking. Women would be afraid to perch up there in the sky. Besides, it would take too long to go up and down."

"Nothing takes long in America. And it comes natural to our women to perch up high. Statues aren't the only things we buy pedestals for this side of the porpoise tank. You just wait and see."

"I don't need to wait to see that American men are nice to women," said I. "Perhaps no nicer than Englishmen, really; only you seem to take a great deal more trouble. Fancy all the men at Mrs. Van der Windt's table drawing lots every night for the right to sit by her and the two Misses Eastman. I don't believe it would have occurred to Englishmen. The ones who really wanted to sit there would have tried to get to their places first, that's all. I do think it was pretty of you."

"Wasn't it? Especially supporting none of us particularly wanted—but never mind. Talking of pretty things, here are the docks."

They were big enough to satisfy even my expectations, and I wished that I'd insisted on being taken by some one long ago to visit the London docks, so that I might know whether ours were better or worse. One never thinks of going to see things at home, but I began to suspect that I might some day be stabbed with jealous pangs and need to be stifled with a lot of facts about England, though until I knew Americans I've been in the habit of thinking facts the least interesting things in the world. They seemed like chairs to sit on or floors to walk on without noticing what you were doing, but I suppose it might be awkward without chairs and floors.

Soon we were near enough to New York to see the tremendous chimney things clearly, and they sharpened the impression that I was sailing straight into a dream. There could be no such things in the real world. They wouldn't be possible. But the dream felt very interesting and luteous all of a sudden, and I didn't want to wake up from it just then in spite of Mrs. Ess Kay.

The tall shapes were bright and vivid now, as giant hollyhocks growing in irregular rows. Still they did not look one bit like houses or offices where people could work without going stark, staring mad. I got a queer idea in my head that the houses themselves must be buried deep underground, like bulls, with only their towers sticking up.

The next thing that happened in the dream was slowing majestically into our own dock, and that was wonderful. The whole place was alive with faces, mostly pretty girls' faces, under fascinating hats, gay as flowers in a flower show, parterre above parterre of brilliant blossoms. And they had all been grown in honor of us.

There was a wild waving of handkerchiefs on the ship and a frantic spluttering of white among the flowers, as if a flock of butterflies had been frightened up into the air. Still we were a long time getting in, and I grew really impatient. But finally

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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Leave City Hall, Newport, for Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Riverport, 6:10 a. m., then ten and fifty minutes past the hour and half past the hour, until 10:10 p. m.

Sundays, 6:40 a. m., then same as week days.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for Newport and Riverport, via Middletown, 6:10 a. m., then ten and fifty minutes past the hour and half past the hour, until 10:10 p. m.

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Leave City Hall, Fall River, for Stone Bridge only, 4:40 p. m. and 10:10 p. m.

Returning, leave Stone Bridge for Fall River, 4:20 p. m. and 9:45 p. m. Do not run Sundays.

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Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park, 6:10 a. m., and every fifteen minutes until and including 11:30 p. m. Sundays, 6:40 a. m., then same as week days.

Return, leave Morton Park, 6:20 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11:20 p. m. Sundays, 6:50 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Beach, 6:50 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 6:00 p. m. Sundays, 7:20 a. m., then same as week days.

Return, leave Beach, 7:00 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11:00 p. m. Sundays, 7:30 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Walling Room for Beach, 6:10 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11:30 p. m. Sundays, same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Mile Corner, 6:30 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11:30 p. m. Sundays, 7:00 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Morton Park, 6:10 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11:30 p. m. Sundays, 6:40 a. m., then same as week days.

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Division Superintendent.

New York, New Haven

& Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect October 1, 1907.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6:40, 8:10, 9:05, 11:01 a. m., 1:05, 3:05, 4:40, 6:10 p. m. Sundays, 7:00 a. m., 11:01 a. m., 1:05, 3:05, 4:40, 6:10 p. m.

Middletown and Portsmouth—6:50, 9:05, 11:01 a. m., 1:05, 3:05, 4:40, 6:10 p. m.

Taunton—6:50, 9:05, 11:01 a. m., 1:05, 3:05, 4:40, 6:10 p. m.

Boston week days, 6:40, 8:10, 9:05, 11:01 a. m., 1:05, 3:05, 4:40, 6:10 p. m. Sundays, 7:00 a. m., 11:01 a. m., 1:05, 3:05, 4:40, 6:10 p. m.

Providence—6:50, 9:05, 11:01 a. m., 1:05, 3:05, 4:40, 6:10 p. m.

Plymouth—11:01 a. m., 3:05 p. m.

Providence—6:50, 9:05, 11:01 a. m., 1:05, 3:05, 4:40, 6:10 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6:50, 9:05, 11:01 a. m., 1:05, 3:05, 4:40, 6:10 p. m.

Express.

W. Q. BISHOP, Gen'l Supt.

A. B. SMITH, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens.

Containing the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent less than our regular prices. This is in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

"I wonder why Indians, who are so notoriously treacherous, choose a pipe as a sign of peace."

"Possibly because they know their pipes are apt to go up in smoke."

Baltimore American.

There is now some hope of the human race. It is said that physicians will not open a knife for less than fifty dollars.

At some time in the life of every man he tries poetry and the chicken business.

LADY BETTY ACROSS THE WATER

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

Louise, who had attended to my packing, took charge of my handbag, my suitcase and coat, with her mistress' and Miss Woodburn's things. The moment had come to bid the ship goodbye.

"Now," said Mrs. Ess Kay, slipping her arm into mine. "I wonder, dear child, if you would mind being left alone to deal with the custom house people? You'd stand under your own letter 'B' of course."

"Oh, Katherine, do you think even Letter B, which sounds so like a warning to young men, a proper christening for a duchess' daughter?" exclaimed Sally Woodburn.

I laughed, but Mrs. Ess Kay didn't. She evidently considers things connected with the American custom house no fit subject for frivolity. She went on without answering: "I'm under 'K' and Sally 'W.' We'll both have all we can attend to wrestling with our own friends, and Louise will be just as busy. But you're a British subject, on a short visit to this country, and they won't be as diabolical to you, dear. I did all the swearing necessary for you in the saloon with my own, when the threepence man came on board, and there's really nothing left for you to bother with on the dock except to open your boxes and say, you have nothing to declare."

I was glad that since profanity had been uttered in the saloon owing to the threepence of a man it had been Mrs. Ess Kay who was obliged to give vent to it, not I; but I felt rather dejected that I couldn't have heard, and I wondered if she had gone so far as to mention "damn." All I said out loud, however, was that I was sure I could manage very well in the docks, and Mrs. Ess Kay appeared much relieved. "That's perfectly sweet of you, Betty," she said, launching a dagger's glance at poor, inefficient Sally for some reason which I couldn't understand. "I hope you won't think I'm horrid to have asked you to label your baggage 'K,' so it could go with mine. It's better not, for every one concerned. I'll explain afterward why, and Louise shall take you to 'B.'"

Louise did take me to "B," which they had thoughtfully printed very large and black on a wooden wall of the dock in a row with all the other letters of the alphabet. A good many people from the ship were collecting beneath these, as if they were animals getting ready to join the procession for the ark under the heading of "cat" or "elephant," as the case might be, and they all seemed worried and apprehensive, as you do at the dentist's even when you try to distract your mind by looking at the pictures in Punch.

Louise put my bag on the wooden floor and folded my coat on it. "Mind! will do well to sit down," said she. "It may be that the baggage do not come immediately." With this she bustled away to the Louise rabbit warren, wherever it was, leaving me to the tender mercies of fellow "B's," who began to swarm around me and buzz distractedly.

I subsided on the bag, which was very like sitting on the floor. But it was stilling down there among people's feet. Besides, mine soon got "plus judd neetles." So presently I popped up like a Jack out of his box and almost knocked off a man's nose with the crown of my hat.

I said, "I beg your pardon!" though what the nose was doing so near the top of my head I couldn't conceive until his handkerchief to stanch a drop of blood and snatching off his straw hat with the other, already full of note-books and things, blurted out abruptly, "Are you Lady Bulkeley?"

I was surprised.

"No," said I. "I'm Lady Betty Bulkeley."

"That's all right," said the nose man as if he forgave me for being myself. "I didn't know but you'd want to be called Lady Bulkeley by strangers."

"It isn't my name," I said, more puzzled than ever. I would have tried to be dignified, as he was a jerry-looking young man in an alpaca coat. But when you have just made a person's nose bleed with your hat it would seem unfeeling to be so frigid, though I believe an application of ice is supposed to be beneficial.

"Shall I call you Lady Betty then?" asked the man, patting his nose with his handkerchief, which luckily for my nerves had already a pattern of pink dots on it.

"I don't see why you should call me anything," said I.

With that he produced a card with a whole string of words printed on it and poked it under my eyes. "I was just going to introduce myself," he said. "I represent the New York Flashlight, and I've been sent by my paper to get something from you. If you'll oblige me."

"Something from me?" I repeated, bewildered. "Is it anything to do with the customs? I've nothing to declare."

"Just tell me, please, something about your family. Your brother's the Duke of Stairforth, isn't he?" (He pronounced it "Stook.")

"Yes, But—"

"Thanks. Young and unmarried, isn't he?"

"Yes, But—"

"Ever been on this side?"

"No, But—"

"He'll come some day, won't he? Most unmarried dukes do."

"I don't know, I'm sure. Really, I think—"

"Excuse me. You're going to stay with Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox, I believe. Will you make a lengthy visit?"

"I don't—"

"You must have met one or two of our smartest young men on board. What do you think of them as compared with Englishmen?"

"Long before this I had made up my mind that he couldn't have anything to do with the customs or if he did that it was no wonder Mrs. Ess Kay had been driven to swearing for you in the saloon with my own, when the threepence man came on board, and there's really nothing left for you to bother with on the dock except to open your boxes and say, you have nothing to declare."

"I'm the Evening Bat," he remarked, noticing me as if my name were founded on my size and weight.

"This time I did not answer. I simply stood at bay and stared, trying to look as much like mother as possible. But the new man didn't seem to mind this in the least, so apparently my effort was not a success.

"I'm the Evening Bat," he remarked hurriedly, with an air of valuing his time at so much a second.

I was sure he was a bat, for I've always been fond of bats; they are such soft, gray, velvet things; and I should have liked to tell him that he was much more like a chicken hawk, only that would have been vulgar; and, besides, I didn't intend to pose as chicken to his hawk. By way of not letting myself be gobbled up, I remained silent; but I couldn't help starting when a voice behind me exclaimed: "Ah, there, my chappie. You're welcome to the milk. I've skimmed off the cream. Ta, ta."

It was the Flashlight flashing at the Evening Bat.

The creature was not blinded, however. He seemed difficult to disconcert. The only response he made was to grin and push his hat a little further back on his head. As such a man and I must have slid down over his collar—which was so low in the neck—in front that it gave me the creeps.

"There's plenty of milk and roses, too, I guess," said he, staring in such a way that I blushed and was vexed with myself for blushing. I peered anxiously about hoping to see a face I knew, even ever so slightly, which might be summoned to the rescue. But all the "B's" were passionately minding their own business, and while I was wishing that Mr. Doreamus were

most bountiful in a lot of unexpected space in front of me.

"Lady Bulkeley," he shot at me, like history repeating itself, only he pro-



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Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131
Home Telephone 180**Saturday, January 9, 1909.**

Governor Higgins and Governor Pothier exchanged pleasant words at the inauguration on Tuesday, and each manifested the respect for the other that they undoubtedly sincerely hold.

The six Democrats in the State Senate and five in the House are struggling bravely to maintain their organization but they really seem lonely. This can hardly be called a Democratic year.

Newport got the cold snap that the weather bureau predicted, and although the temperature did not go as low as was suggested, it was plenty cold enough. The weather man sometimes hits it right, but is not always to be depended upon.

Rhode Island responded generously to the appeal for aid for the sufferers from the Italian earthquake. The sum of ten thousand dollars which was appropriated on the very first day of the legislative session will go far toward relieving the necessities of many sufferers.

The ex-policeman mayor of Lowell has begun the strenuous reforms that he promised to his constituents before his election. His first step was to remove two members of the board of health and this action was confirmed by the city council. His career as mayor of a large city promises to be an interesting one to watch.

If the government engineers compel the Boston & Maine Railroad to raise all its bridges at the North Station in Boston, as it appears will be done, the expense will be an enormous one. If it is necessary for the successful navigation of the river it should be done regardless of expense but nevertheless the outlay that will be required is startling in its immensity.

Affairs in India have not yet reached a settled condition as British troops have found it necessary to fire upon Hindu rioters in order to subdue an outbreak of fanatics. It seems, however, that the danger of a general uprising among the natives to overthrow the British rule is about over. The Mohammedans are supporting the government and conditions do not appear as threatening as they did some weeks ago.

The President is going to have at least one more "glorious scrap" before he surrenders his office to his successor. If rumor is true that he has sent to the Senate constitutional charges against Senator Tillman the possibilities for fireworks loom large. Tillman is not the kind of a man who will sit back quietly under fire, but he is much more likely to do some heavy fighting in his own behalf. The explosion that may result is one that will be heard all over the country.

Typhoid fever has followed the disaster at Messina and will undoubtedly claim many victims among the survivors of the earthquake. This was a disease which medical authority felt certain would arise when thousands of unburied bodies lay decomposing in the air, and when those who survived the earthquake were obliged to eat such food as could be obtained and drink water as they might find without regard to the fitness of either. It will be many a long day before the sufferings engendered by the disaster come to an end.

From locomotive fireman to president of the vast railroad system known as the New York Central lines in the comparatively brief span of forty years is the record of William C. Brown who this week succeeded W. H. Newman as the head of the Central. And his success is due to the fact that he was always "on the job." His promotion from one position to the next higher step on the ladder was not due to pull or influence but simply to the fact that when a vacancy occurred he was the one man best qualified to step into the place. His life is a lesson in the virtue of being always prepared.

The verdict of the jury in the prosecution of the Tennessee "Night-riders" is one that will have a strong tendency to break up the evil practice that has done so much to defy the law in the wild regions of some of the Southern States. It was openly stated before the trial began that no jury would dare to return a verdict against the defendants but this has been proven to be false. Six of the men who were on trial were found guilty in the first degree and their sentence may be either death or imprisonment for life. The other two were found guilty of murder in the second degree and will receive twenty years' imprisonment. Although an appeal was at once entered by the defendants it is not generally believed that a new trial will be granted them. This is the most decisive verdict that has been found since hands of lawless men began to terrorize whole communities in the South, and it can hardly fail to be beneficial to the interests of law and order. Although the prisoners no doubt had some cause to think that their rights were being interfered with, nothing can justify their taking the law into their own hands and committing an atrocious murder.

State Government Inaugurated.

Governor Aram J. Pothier, Lieutenant Governor Arthur W. Dennis and the other State officers and members of the General Assembly were inaugurated with fitting ceremonies at the handsome State House in Providence on Tuesday in the presence of a large number of spectators. The inauguration of the government of the State was successfully started for another year and is now running smoothly. One of the spectacular incidents of the inaugural ceremony was the proclamation by the sergeant-at-arms of the election of the various State officers from the balcony of the State House.

The two houses of the General Assembly met in their respective chambers at noon and the members took the oath of office. The Senate organized by the election of David J. White as clerk. The House elected Hon. Russell B. Hubbard of Little Compton as Speaker for another term, and elected Raymond G. Mowry reading clerk and Charles H. Howland recording clerk. The House was called to order by Representative Horace N. Hassard of this city who presided until Speaker Hubbard was escorted to the chair. Mr. Hubbard delivered a brief address, thanking the members for the honor of his election. An invitation was sent to the Senate to meet the House in Grand Committee for the inaugural ceremonies, and in a few minutes Sheriff White announced Governor Higgins, members of the Supreme and Superior Court, and the Senate.

Governor Higgins presided and after the roll had been called a committee was appointed to escort the new Governor and other State officers to the chamber. Senator Sanborn presided over Governor-elect Pothier who took the oath of office and then succeeded Governor Higgins as presiding officer, being warmly greeted by the retiring Executive. Lieutenant Governor Dennis, Secretary of State Bennett, Attorney General Greenough and General Treasurer Read were successively sworn in to office.

Governor Pothier delivered a short address, speaking appreciatively to Governor Higgins and Speaker Hubbard and directed the Sergeant-at-arms to make the proclamation from the balcony. The Senate then returned to its own chamber and both houses soon adjourned.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies luncheon was served in several rooms, all being well attended. Governor Pothier held a short reception in the executive chamber, being assisted by his general and personal staff. In the evening there was a public reception at which there was a large attendance.

General Assembly.

The General Assembly has this week entered upon its duties which will keep the members more or less busy for several months. On the first day of the legislative session there was a resolution introduced appropriating \$10,000 for the relief of the earthquake sufferers in Italy and it was passed by both bodies immediately without reference to committee.

The House has devoted considerable time to the preliminaries of organization, such as drawing for seats, etc., and in the drawing the Newport delegation fared very well.

The Senate has adopted its rules and joint rules the same as last year, the Democratic leader objecting to the rule allowing the Senate to appoint its own committees but the rule was adopted. In a caucus of the Republican members of the Senate previous to the inauguration a steering committee was selected, consisting of Senator John P. Sanborn of Newport, Philip H. Willbour of Little Compton and Oscar A. Bennett of Woonsocket. The House has selected William C. Bliss of East Providence as floor leader of the majority.

The two houses met in grand committee on Thursday for the purpose of electing a number of State officers. Among the number were Frank E. Thompson of this city who was re-elected a member of the State Board of Education and Trustees of the State Normal School; Sydney D. Harvey, who was re-elected clerk of the Superior Court for Newport County, the Newport men being nominated by Hon. Robert S. Franklin. There was a contest over the position of clerk of the Superior Court for Kent County but Thomas Allen was re-elected. A number of other offices were filled.

Election of Officers.

Militiamen's Commandery.
Noble Commander—Mrs. Grace E. Moline.
Vice Noble Commander—Henry N. Ward.
Past Noble Commander—Frederic S. Bosworth.
Worthy President—Miss Lena Donovan.
Noble Keeper of Records—Frank P. King.
Financial Keeper of Records—Robert C. Ellis.
Treasurer—John P. Peckham.
Warder of the Inner Gate—Mrs. Mary C. Shea.
Warder of the Outer Gate—Joseph Graham.
Trustees—Stephen McCarthy, William H. G. Johnson, Edward L. Spencer.
Women's Auxiliary to Lawton-Warren Post, No. 5, G. A. R.
President—Mrs. Fanny G. Tallman.
Senior Vice President—Mrs. Fannie Smith.
Junior Vice President—Mrs. Sarah McIntosh.
Chaplain—Mrs. Jane T. Lee.
Treasurer—Mrs. Margaret Hamilton.
Secretary—Mrs. Emma Simpson.
Conductor—Mrs. Ida McManis.
Grand—Mrs. Sarah Peabody.
Patroness Instructor—Mrs. Fanny Lawton.
First Color Bearer—Mrs. Sarah Chase.
Second Color Bearer—Mrs. John Sisson.
Third Color Bearer—Mrs. John A. DeLong.
Fourth Color Bearer—Miss Grace Underwood.

Red Men's Club.

President—Robert I. Oman.
Vice President—Clark Burdick.
Secretary—Francis M. Sisson.
Treasurer—Allen G. Goddard.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., Jan. 9, 1909.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Jan. 7 to 11, with waves 6 to 10' cold wave 9 to 13. This disturbance was expected to cause a great rise in temperatures, the warm wave reaching meridian 90 about Jan. 9, to be followed by rain or snow and falling temperatures but not a cold wave.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Jan. 11, cross Pacific slope by close of 12, great central valleys 13 to 15, eastern states 16. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Jan. 11, great central valleys 13, eastern states 15. Cold wave will cross Pacific slope about Jan. 14, great central valleys 16, eastern states 18.

This disturbance will come during a period of moderate temperatures but other weather features will be severe. Temperatures will go above the normal as this disturbance approaches and then a great cold wave will reach Texas, Oklahoma and Western Colorado but it will reach Manitoba, the Dakotas, Missouri and Illinois and the country lying east of these states. A cold wave and possibly some snow will reach northern Texas about Jan. 17, but temperatures will soon go up again.

The Ohio valley and all the states and provinces east of that drawn from Whiting to St. Louis will get a bad cold wave a little later than mentioned for the Winnipeg, St. Louis line.

This disturbance promises heavy rains or snows within 500 miles of a line drawn from Houston, Texas to Montreal, Canada. Not so much precipitation for Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland and the New England States.

The great planet Jupiter has been in control of our weather since first of November and his control will continue to end of February, but Mercury and the Moon will have something to do with distributing Jupiter's electric energies.

I do not pretend to forecast earthquakes but I am very positive that a specialist, by long hard study and many experiments with earthquake records, could make valuable long-range forecasts of earthquakes. The cause of earthquakes is surely of electric origin and very much of the nature of a thunder bolt among the clouds.

The clouds are charged with electricity and it is well known to all scientists that lightning is the passage of electricity from one overcharged cloud to another cloud that is deficient in electricity. The planets affect each other, much as the clouds affect each other. The relative positions of planets are always changing and that causes electric activities just as we see take place when we change the relative positions of magnets. Such changes give us the electric power that runs the electric lights and street cars.

The relative positions of Jupiter, Mars, earth and moon will account for the great earthquake in Italy. But I must leave that great question to some other persistent worker. I cannot give time to the study of earthquakes.

Small Apple Shipments.

Those who have had occasion to complain of the quality and price of the apple crop this year may find the explanation in statistics of the apple shipments from the Eastern ports of North America, which show that there was a large decrease in the number of barrels shipped from every city except St. John, N. B., and Halifax and Annapolis, N. S., whose shipments were larger than ever before.

From Boston 153,542 barrels were sent, compared with 275,810 in 1907 and 280,040 in 1906.

The New York shipments this year showed a decrease of 75,659 barrels.

The total number of barrels of apples shipped during the season of 1908-9 from St. John, N. B., Halifax and Annapolis, N. S., were 307,008, an increase over the preceding season of 77,994 barrels, and 185,659 barrels over 1906-7.

Among the other ports, Montreal was the only one whose shipments exceeded those of Halifax, shipping 356,815 barrels, against 336,952 from Halifax. Montreal's shipments showed also the largest loss, falling below the previous year's mark to the extent of 269,238 barrels.

Portland, Me., was also far below its last year's record. After sending away last season 170,291 barrels, a gain of 23,153, this year but 55,271 barrels were shipped, a decrease of 115,020.

Most of the fruit sent from these ports goes to Liverpool, London, Manchester, Glasgow and other foreign places. This year a considerable quantity was shipped from Halifax to South Africa, where the freight rate is \$2.65 a barrel, or about twice the cost of the fruit.

One of the things which has made the Canadian apples popular in Europe is the Canadian system of packing and grading. A bill to remove the objection to the present methods of grading Maine apples was presented to the Maine Legislature. This measure is framed by the Maine Pomological Society, and seeks to obtain the uniform grading and packing of apples in order to insure protection for the consumer.

A most drastic bill is now before the Vermont Legislature.

Expensive Inquiry.

It has cost the Government \$15,000 already in the employment of private detective agencies to investigate the Brooklynville affair, and the contractors with the agencies are still in force.

This report was received by the Senate from Secretary of War Wright in response to the Foraker resolution inquiring by what authority of law Herbert J. Browne and W. G. Baldwin were employed.

It was the report of Browne and Baldwin on which President Roosevelt based a recent message to Congress declaring that the guilt of certain of the discharged negro soldiers had been fixed beyond a shadow of a doubt.

Attached to Secretary Wright's communication were copies of the various contracts entered into between responsible officials of the War Department and the detective agencies. There was also a confidential letter from President-elect Taft, then Secretary of War, under date of April 10, 1903, urging the President to make the original contract with Browne and Baldwin.

"Gee, but ain't his legs thin?"
"Rather—he was arrested once for having no visible means of support."—Cornell Widow.

Washington Matters.

Social Affairs in Washington Interfere With the Business of Congress—Stated That Theodore Burton of Ohio Will Be Elected a Member of the Senate—The New Year's Reception One of Unusual Brilliance—Notes.

From Our Regular Correspondent,
Washington, D. C., Jan. 8, 1909.

Now that the holidays are over it may be assumed that Congress will address itself with every to such legislation as has been cut out for it by the leaders of the House and Senate. It will be, however, remembered that Congress is made up of human beings with various characteristics including vanity and the love of pleasure and also that many of them are accompanied by their wives and families and that the Washington season continues as long as Congress remains in session. In spite of Lent, religion, earthquakes and paucity is a serious hindrance to the business for which Congress was elected and to which they are mistakenly supposed to address themselves. Late dinners, receptions, balls, and poker parties, right down to gowns, jewelry, ear-rings and automobiles occupy not only the attention of the wives and daughters but sap the nervous energy of the statesmen who bring them here. It is perhaps Utopian to expect an improvement. It was thus in the days of the Roman Senate and probably in the days of all the prehistoric Senates and so will continue to be. The man whether a railroad President or a hotel keeper looks upon his profession or his business only as a means to an end for the promotion of his happiness and that of his family. The railroad President has recently heard to say that if he could make the thousands of the employees of the office industries and commercial and properties of the road he could increase their wages and his dividends. It is not alone the four hundred of the millionaire class that are wasteful and prodigal. It is the eighty-five million inhabitants of the United States. But this is a digression. Returning to Congress, it is a hopeful sign that there will certainly be in the next Senate some real statesmen replacing inferior types. It is now known that Theodore Burton will be elected to the Senate from Ohio. The brother of the President elect has withdrawn from the race, as he expresses it, in the interest of party harmony. With such men as Burton and Root in the Senate it is expected that the inferior bosses like Aldrich and Hale will be eclipsed or at least neutralized. There are also indications that the House will have its strength renewed not by accession from without but from within later effort. A number of members of the lower House are restless under the dominating or rather dominating influence of certain members who have long had things their own way, and the insurgents as they are called are showing evidence of rebelliousness, which may result in the overthrow of the political stagnation who have so long ruled legislation.

The New Year's reception, the last under President Roosevelt, was one of unusual extent and brilliancy. It is looked upon by old residents as perhaps the handsomest function and the largest ever held. A bright, cloudless day added to the cheer in thousands of homes and a preponderance of young people, many of them from school and college for the holidays, made calling particularly enjoyable. The White House was simply decorated. Roses, in which white predominated, filled the vases in the Blue Room, where the receiving party stood. Behind them were a large number of specially invited guests. In the other rooms, pale pink carnations were placed in tall vases. In the niches, in the corridors, and in various large receptacles were ferns and small palms tastefully arranged. The famous Marine Band which furnishes music on such occasions was this day divided into two sections and sat upon either side of the North entrance. The weather was exceptionally fine and the private citizens on foot, who waited patiently until the Diplomatic corps, the Justices of the Supreme Court, the members of the Senate, and Army and Naval officers had made their entrance and somewhat delayed departure, extended for a full quarter of a mile from the White House door. The President appeared to be in fine health and spirits and had something more than mere conventional greeting to say to nearly every body who met him personally knew him in the long line of visitors. He is evidently in high spirits, in expectation of his long outing far removed from Washington and Presidential cares.

Looked upon spectacularly and as a pageant, the best part of the White House function was the fact, when the members of the Diplomatic corps, arrayed in the splendid uniforms of their respective courts made their impressive entrance. The ambassadors, ministers with their entourages of secretaries and military and navy attaches were accompanied also by the ladies of their families, and for twenty minutes or more the scene was marked by a display of remarkable uniforms and enjoyable formal made-gowns. The Italian Ambassador, the dean of the Diplomatic corps, he having been longest in service, led the way, followed by the Austrian Ambassador, British Ambassador, and the representatives of all other foreign countries with whom the United States has friendly and diplomatic relations. After the Diplomatic Corps came the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Senators and members of Congress who were in the city, and then followed a splendid display of uniformed officers of the army and navy.

Writers on Horseback.

In great French houses of days gone by dinner was almost by the blowing of hunting horns, and it is on record that at certain gala feasts the dishes were brought in by servants in full armor mounted upon caparisoned horses, a practice we could only look for during the reign of chivalry. Of the attendants at dinner the carver and server took precedence over all the others. They stood probably on each side of their lord. The server, it may be mentioned, was the officer who placed the dishes on the table.

Foul.

"Foul weather," declared the halfback. "What's the trouble now?" demanded the referee. "I tried a kick for the stomach, but this fellow blocked it with his head."—Kansas City Journal.

THE DEVILFISH.

He is Not a Man Eater, but a Gently Reared Monster.

Contrary to popular belief, the devilfish is not a man eater, according to an official publication issued by the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, after an authoritative study of the subject by Dr. Theodore Gill, associate zoologist in the national museum. "The food of the devilfishes," he says, "so far from being large animals and occasionally a man or dog, as has been alleged, appears to be chiefly the small crabs, shrimps and other crustaceans and young or small fishes. Hardly does one prey on large fishes."

Dr. Gill says that in a number of respects the young devilfish grows up under nursing and training remarkably like that of a human being. It is nourished, for instance, from its mother's milk. It is a peculiarity of the devilfish, he adds, that, instead of laying many thousands or millions of eggs, it normally has only a single young one at a birth. A baby devilfish is sometimes as broad as five feet and weighs twenty pounds or more.

Dr. Gill adds that devilfishes move about from place to place in a sort of submarine flight, speeding themselves along by flaps of the long winglike fins.

Day Dreams.

If you have a particular piece of work to do, get it done. Don't wait for the mood to strike you.

Don't dream! There are more precious hours wasted in day dreams than any of us would care to think about if we counted them.

The queer thing about day dreams is that so few of them ever amount to anything. The dreamer is only sentimental when building his air castles, so, as a rule, they have no practical foundation.

While you are at work, keep your mind on what you are doing, and do not let it wander off to what you would like to be doing. Only by keeping your mind on what you are doing now can you bring it fresh and keen to the things you like doing best when the time for doing them comes. Thinking too much about even great happiness takes the "edge" off it.

The best time for day dreams is after you have gone to bed.—New York American.

The Better Part.

A delightful little story is told of Prosper Merimee, the French author. He was once guest at a royal hunt, when hares, pheasants and other game were driven before the emperor and his followers, and the servants picked up the victims of the sport.

Among all the members of the hunting party Prosper Merimee alone had no trophy to display.

"How does this happen?" asked some one.

"Where game is so plenty the merit of a marksman seems to me to lie in hitting nothing," replied Merimee, with grave courtesy, "so I fired between the birds."

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JANUARY 1909.	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
1 Sat	7 21 41	61	7 21 41	61	7 21 41	61	7 21 41
2 Sun	7 21 41	61	7 21 41	61	7 21 41	61	7 21 41
3 Mon	7 21 41	61	7 21 41	61	7 21 41	61	7 21 41
4 Tue	7 21 41	61	7 21 41	61	7 21 41	61	7 21 41
5 Wed	7 21 41	61	7 21 41	61	7 21 41	61	7 21 41
6 Thu	7 21 41	61	7 21 41	61	7 21 41	61	7 21 41
7 Fri	7 21 41	61	7 21 41	61	7 21 41	61	7 21 41

Full Moon, 6th day, 9h. 13m. morning.
Last Quarter, 14th day, 1h. 11m. evening.
New Moon, 21st day, 7h. 12m. evening.
First Quarter, 28th day, 10h. 7m. morning.

To the Mercury subscribers outside of Rhode Island, living in other States:

I offer a tract of land for sale on Conanicut Island, with about 2 1/2 miles of frontage on the waters of Narragansett Bay, for \$12,500 (twelve thousand five hundred dollars). There is a residence containing 15 rooms, with barn for 20 cows and horses. A stream of water runs through the grounds, which are partly wooded. A most attractive place to be transformed into a paying farm and summer residence of unusual extent and picturesque. Write to the sub-agent, Mr. A. G. D. RAY, 102 Bell Street, Providence, R. I., who is a Commissioner of Deeds for most of the States, and Notary Public for Rhode Island.

Deaths.

In this city, 21 inst., George E. Read, in his 65th year.
In this city, 24 inst., Thomas C. Burlingham, in his 73d year.
In this city, 24 inst., Jennie, wife of Joseph T. Ray, 21, a 63 year.
In this city, 28 inst., Mary Anna, wife of David McKelvie, in her 51st year.
In this city, 5th inst., John D. O'Sullivan, son of the late Daniel and Catherine O'Sullivan, in his 70th year.
In this city, 6th inst., Charles E. Quinn, in his 51st year.
In this city, 7th inst., John E. Clarke, in his 61st year.
In Providence, Dec. 31st, 1908, Esther, daughter of the late John and Rebecca Caswell, aged 67 years.
In Brooklyn, N. Y., 6th inst., Eliza F., daughter of the late Nathaniel and Catherine Richardson.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in its treatment, curing and preventing the cause of the headache, while they also correct all the various conditions, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured them.

As they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but for the fact that they are so good and so safe, and so easy to take, they would be almost priceless. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action place all who take them.

CARTER'S MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

BROWN CHOSEN PRESIDENT

New Head of New York Central Has Had Wide Experience

New York, Jan. 6.—At the meeting today of the directors of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad the senior vice president of the road, William C. Brown, was elected president to succeed William H. Newman, who resigned Dec. 22.



WILLIAM C. BROWN.

President Brown was born in Herkimer county, N. Y., June 28, 1852, and has been engaged in railroading since 1869. He began as a wood cutter on an Iowa railroad and has worked his way up through several systems. In 1901 he left the position of general manager of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy to become first vice president and general manager of the Lake Shore, one of the Central lines.

Warrant Out For "Count" Hamon.
Paris, Jan. 8.—A warrant charging embezzlement was issued in this city for the arrest of "Count" Louis Hamon, formerly known in America and Europe as "Cheiro, the Painter." He went to London Wednesday after the allegations of two American women that he had defrauded them of valuable stocks.

IT'S IT.

Cheapest and Best
Will not rot. Water
And All Other Proof.
Waterproof and fireproof.
Requires no painting for many years.
Conceded both sides, won't rot underneath.
Can be used on steep or flat roofs.
Elastic and Pliable.
Fire-Resisting.

WHAT IS IT?**CONGO**

Never-Leak
Roofing.

WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,

7 Oak Street

52-11

USE**Diamond Hill****BIRD**

—AND—

Poultry Crit,**FREE FROM DUST,**

White and Clean,

INSURES

Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

MANUFACTURED BY

Newport Compressed Brick Co.

Newport, R. I.

52-11

A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties

OF

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

TYPHOID FEVER AT MESSINA

It May Spread Out- side Ruined District

GIFT FROM AMERICANS

Steamer Loaded With Provisions and Medical Supplies

MANY REFUGEES REACH NAPLES

Thirteen Hundred Bodies In One Grave Near Messina

Rome, Jan. 6.—The reports from Messina that typhoid fever has broken out there has filled the authorities with alarm and apprehension. It is realized here that unless proper sanitary precautions are taken at once, the disease may spread far outside the ruined districts.

Even though the present cases may prove to be dysentery, it is well known that this disease, under such conditions as prevail at Messina and Reggio, would be likely to prove just as fatal as typhoid itself.

Physicians here are inclined to think that dysentery is more to be feared than any other disease in the devastated regions. It was very fatal in the Crimea in 1854, in the armies of the United States during the Civil war and again in the Franco-German war of 1870. Almost perfect conditions for its propagation prevail at Messina.

Americans in the Lead
King Victor Emmanuel received Ambassador Griscom, who presented him with the steamer Bayern in the name of the American relief committee, representing the American people. The Bayern is loaded with provisions and medical supplies and is ready to proceed to the Straits of Messina. The king was greatly pleased, and said that the Americans were always first in their charitable efforts.

Thirteen thousand refugees have arrived at Naples up to date, of which 6000 are wounded. They are receiving the best of care, but many have died from injuries and others have gone mad. More than 50 per cent of those taken out of the ruins after three days did not have strength left to survive their terrible experiences.

Scorpion Carries Supplies
The United States gunboat Scorpion has left Naples, carrying supplies, principally of sterilized milk, for distribution at Messina under the direction of the American consulate.

The American vice-consul, Stuart Lupton, in answer to inquiries made by the state department at Washington, telegraphs from Messina that the house of the "Little Sisters of the Poor" was destroyed. Two of the sisters were killed. The others, twenty-four in number, are desirous of going to Milan, but this is uncertain.

Rear Admiral Sperry, commander of the American battleship fleet, has notified the authorities here that he will be in Naples on Jan. 9 with the first division, composed of the Connecticut, Vermont, Minnesota and Kansas.

The latest news from Reggio shows that earthquakes occurred there yesterday, the shocks being about twenty minutes apart. One of the heavy shocks caused the collapse of a number of broken walls and added to the terror of the few survivors who remain there.

Further Search Almost Useless
The work of rescue at Messina is being pushed indefatigably night and day, and persons alive occasionally are dug from the ruins. An old woman released from the wreckage of the church of San Francesco did not seem to realize that she had been buried for so many days. She explained that she thought she was entombed in the church after having died a natural death and that she was living in the hereafter.

Efforts to release the living will be continued for two days more. Those who have lost relatives and friends still continue to hope against hope, and no argument suffices to convince them that further search is useless.

Relief Ship Sets Sail
Rome, Jan. 7.—Ambassador Griscom left here today for Messina to meet the American squadron, which is expected to arrive there tomorrow under Rear Admiral Sperry on the flagship Connecticut.

Steamer Bayern, the American relief ship, flying the Red Cross emblem, sailed for Messina this morning. The steamer, with its great cargo of supplies, will be able to take care of thousands of sufferers. There are three surgeons aboard and fifty nurses, of whom three are American and three English. Fifty-eight thousand dollars have been spent for the medical outfit, provisions and clothes for distribution ashore.

There is an immense supply of the necessities of life aboard for both men, women and children, particular attention having been paid to the selection of food for little ones.

The Bayern's Cargo
The cargo includes 1450 blankets, 4350 underclothes, 1100 pairs of

shoes, 1100 hats, 600 heavy overcoats, 250 capes, 1100 shawls, 700 suits of clothes, 300 extra trousers and a great quantity of shirts, stockings and handkerchiefs. A ton of candles and 6000 boxes of matches are among the supplies, together with all kinds of implements for digging and repairing, lanterns, buttons, sewing cotton, scissors, nails and hammers and kitchen utensils.

There are also medical supplies sufficient for the establishment of three complete camp hospitals ashore. Those in charge of the expedition have \$20,000 in small bills for careful distribution.

Generosity Appreciated
The generosity of the American people in coming to the aid of the earthquake sufferers is the predominant feature which is now attracting attention here. The feeling of gratefulness extends from the king down to the most lowly subject. In accepting in behalf of the Italian nation the ship which the American people, through the Red Cross, fitted up to mitigate the distress of the sufferers in the south, the king said to Ambassador Griscom:

"Our people will be delighted to hear of this mark of international humanitarianism, and will follow with the keenest interest the work of mercy which will be performed by the Bayern."

1300 Dead In Trench
A most impressive funeral ceremony was witnessed near Messina Thursday when Archbishop Rarrigo made his way through the ruins of the city to the cemetery at Marogosso and blessed a grave one hundred feet wide and thirty feet deep containing 1300 bodies.

The dead were piled one on top of the other, and the remains have been covered with quicklime. The prelate was followed to the cemetery by a large gathering of survivors, whose lamentations mingled with the Latin words of the service.

Subsequently the archbishop walked through the ruins and blessed the military hospital, the military college, the barracks and the archbishop's house, considering the wrecked edifices as so many cemeteries. Under them were the remains of soldiers, students, policemen, priests and monks.

All the valuables found among the ruins are being taken on board the steamer Duca di Genova in the bay. Currency to the amount of \$3,600,000, including the contents of the safe of the Sicilian-American bank, was transferred to this vessel. A banker named Mamorilik, who was one of the richest residents, lost everything. Yesterday he went to the authorities barefooted and half clothed and asked for a pair of shoes and an overcoat.

With the exception of Sant' Andrea Avellino, all the churches in Messina have been destroyed.

America's Generous Response
Washington, Jan. 6.—Bountiful provision for the earthquake sufferers of Italy was made by congress by unanimous vote. In the house there was vigorous handclapping as the bill carrying the appropriation was sent on its way.

The munificent sum of \$300,000 was granted almost immediately after the reception in both houses of a message from the president calling attention to the calamity and the pressing need for aid for the stricken people of a sister nation.

Washington, Jan. 6.—Miss Mabel Boardman, secretary of the Red Cross society, issued an official statement announcing that the total amount of subscriptions for Italian relief thus far received through the American National Red Cross is over \$400,000. This includes Tuesday's contributions of \$136,779.

ELOPERS IN CUSTODY
Priest Who Disappeared From Newark Is Charged With Abduction
New York, Jan. 8.—Nicholas Slani, the Catholic priest who disappeared from St. Rocco church, Newark, a week ago, with Juliet Testa, 17 years old, who had been one of his parishioners, was discovered here by detectives and placed under arrest, charged with abduction.

With Slani at the time of his arrest was a young woman who gave her name as Juliet Slani and who declared she was Slani's wife.

The couple were found at a hotel in East Eleventh street. A charge of vagrancy was made against the young woman. The two were locked up.

TWO CLEVER LIGHTWEIGHTS
Bout Between Murphy and Madden Promises to Be Interesting
New York, Jan. 8.—Two of the best lightweight boxers of America will get together tonight in the ring of the National Athletic club in this city. Tommy Murphy is to face Frankie Madden in a ten round bout.

Murphy's defeat of Charley Griffin, the Australian boxer, in Boston, has sent his stock up a point or two. Madden has championship ideas and will go after some of the best men in the country if he gets the decision over Murphy.

MAY PROVE A BLESSING
Farmers Will Benefit By Flood Resulting From Broken Dam
Pittsfield, Mass., Jan. 8.—Undetermined by heavy rains, the dam connected with the lower Ashley reservoir gave way, freeing 23,000,000 gallons of water. The immense volume of water swept down the Pittsfield valley into the Housatonic river, carrying with it a single barn. No other damage was done.

Instead of the flood proving detrimental to the land over which it passed, it is believed that it has rendered it more fertile and of more value for the growing crops. The dam was constructed at a cost of \$77,000.

USE OF SECRET SERVICE MEN

President Makes Startling Ad- mission In Report to Senate

TILLMAN'S NAME IS MENTIONED

Regarded as One of Those Whom It Was Deemed Advisable to Shadow in Connection With Alleged "Land Grab" Case—Senator From South Carolina Promises to Get Pitchfork in Working Order

Washington, Jan. 8.—By direction of President Roosevelt secret service men shadowed Senator Tillman of South Carolina, on the theory that possibly he was interested in an Oregon "land grab" and the result of that investigation is now before the senate.

The information was contained in a communication from President Roosevelt in response to a request by Senator Hale to the heads of the executive departments for a statement of the activities of secret service operatives. Exhaustive replies were made by the various departments and all of these were forwarded to Hale by the president. They have not been made public, and Hale announced that they would not be until they had been considered by a subcommittee on appropriations, which will be charged with the duty of acting upon that portion of the president's annual message relating to the secret service and criticizing members of congress for their restriction of its use.

Owing to several senators having had advance information of the character of the report which was sent to the senate, it was found out that the investigation of Tillman followed an attack which he made in the senate nearly a year ago upon an Oregon land company, which used his name as one of the persons interested in the concern.

Senator Tillman said that the use of his name was without authority and as a result it is declared that several persons interested in the land grants became angered.

Some of the interested parties are reported to have sent to President Roosevelt copies of letters alleged to have been written by Tillman indicating that he had an interest either in one of the land companies or would be benefited by the land companies obtaining possession of the grants in question. After receiving this information, it is said President Roosevelt directed a secret service operative to investigate the part Tillman was alleged to have had in the land cases.

Senator Tillman was not aware that his name figured in the reports until late Thursday. He then took pains to assure himself that the reports concerning the mention of himself were well founded, but he said only that he would not make any statement until the fact of the use of his name had been officially promulgated, when he would address himself to the subject from his seat in the senate. It is known, however, that he regards the mention of his name as an attack upon himself by the president and he has indicated to friends that he will not shun matters in his reply.

ASSAILS THE PRESIDENT

Culberson Wants Committee to Continue Inquiry on Steel Deal

Washington, Jan. 8.—Characterizing the action of the president in directing the attorney general not to prosecute the United States Steel Corporation for its absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron company as "another arbitrary and lawless act of the chief magistrate," Senator Culberson introduced a resolution in the senate instructing the committee on judiciary to report at as early a day as practicable whether in the opinion of that committee the president was authorized to permit such absorption.

Mr. Culberson criticized the president and insisted that congress has the right to give directions to a head of an executive department under certain conditions.

Stite Army Dedicated
Salem, Mass., Jan. 7.—The new state army here was dedicated last night. Governor Gull and his staff were the chief guests of the second corps of cadets and Company H. The ceremony, which cost the state \$120,000, is of brick and cast sandstone, three stories high and the headhouse is flanked with imposing towers. The building occupies 25,000 square feet of land.

The Marsh Court Martial
Washington, Jan. 8.—The record of the court martial in the case of Commander Marsh of the cruiser Yankee has been received at the navy department. It will be submitted to the secretary of the navy tomorrow for final action.

Castro Is Doing Well
Berlin, Jan. 8.—Cipriano Castro is improving rapidly. Dr. Israel is of the opinion that Castro will be confined to the hospital for about two weeks longer.

Sister Louise Mary Dead
Boston, Jan. 8.—A dispatch received at the convent of St. Margaret's Sisters (Episcopal) announces the death in Montreal of Sister Louise Mary, for thirty years mother superior of the order in this country and Canada. She was born in England 85 years ago. Her family name was Stone.

A RICH GOLD STRIKE

Nova Scotia Prospectors Form a Syndicate to Work the Property

Sidney, N. S., Jan. 6.—What is declared by provincial experts to be the richest gold bearing area in the maritime provinces has just been discovered by prospectors in Guysboro county.

So promising are the indications and so sanguine the miners over their find, that a syndicate has already been formed to work the property.

MARJORIE GOULD'S "COMING-OUT"

She Is Formally Introduced at a Magnificent Entertainment

New York, Jan. 8.—Mr. and Mrs. George Jay Gould last night at the Plaza Hotel gave a dinner and dance for their debutante daughter, Miss Marjorie Gould, who, although she has been included at the most important entertainments of the season thus far, made her formal bow to society.

It was one of the most elaborate entertainments of the winter and not at all general, as the company assembled included mainly the young friends of Miss Gould and a few married people. Some of the features of the debut were:

Supper cost \$100, a plate.

Menu cards of imported satin lettered with gold.

White rose bush eight feet tall, of rare grafting, flanked by smaller bushes at intervals of fifteen feet, formed principal decorations of Miss Gould's table.

Wines served of rare vintages specially imported from France.

Cotton favors, inscribed gold handled riding crops for the women and gold-headed canes for the men.

Hotel rooms garlanded with 180 crates of Alabama snail, and American Beauty roses, orchids and exotic lilies were strewn about.

Estimated cost of entire function, \$100,000.

IN A BLUFF OPPOSITION

Standard Oil Declared to Have Started "Independent" Concerns

New York, Jan. 8.—That the Standard Oil company had an employee whose duty it was to start supposedly independent oil companies in small towns in "seeming opposition" to itself was testified by L. H. Farnsworth, general manager of the Red "O" Oil company of Baltimore in the government suit for the dissolution of the Standard Oil company.

He said the Eagle Oil company was such a concern, and that its cuts as a rule were met by his company to hold its trade. The reductions, he said, were never made first by his company or the other independent concerns in Baltimore.

HANDS CRACKED RAW AND SCALY

Itched and Burned Terribly—Arms Affected, Too—Could Not Move Thumbs Without Flesh Cracking—Sleep and Work Often Impossible—Was Fairly Worn Out.

CUTICURA SOON CURED HIS FEARFUL ECZEMA

"About a year ago an itching humor began to appear around the back of my hand. It started in to spread, and pretty soon it covered both my hands and got up over my wrists and even up to the elbows. The itching and burning were terrible. My hands got all scaly and when I scratched, as I was doing a good part of the time, the surface would be covered with blisters and then get raw. The eczema got so bad I could not move the thumbs without deep cracks appearing. I went to my doctor, but his medicine could only stop the itching and did not seem to heal my hands up at all. At night I suffered so fearfully that I could not sleep, often lying awake until well toward morning, then waking up still tired. I am a chef and steward by trade and I had to give up my place, as my hands were so terrible to look at that they did not like to have me around about the food. I could not bear to touch them with water, but when I positively had to get my hands clean I would rub them with oil.

"This sort of business went on for three months and I kept trying zeddo and for ointments and such remedies with no particular benefit. I did not know what to do, for I was fairly worn out. For a long time several friends kept asking me why I didn't use Cuticura and at last I thought I would. First I got the Cuticura Soap, then Cuticura Ointment and at last Cuticura Resolvent. I put the Cuticura Ointment on at night, covering my hands with light cotton gloves. In the morning the inside of the gloves would be lined with scales, sometimes half as long as your finger, leaving nice healed places where the scales had been. In a month I was cured and have kept so now for nine months. My hands and arms are perfectly clear of all traces of eczema and I think I am well rid of it. Walter H. Cox, 16 Somerset St., Boston, Mass., Sept. 25, 1908."

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OLD TIME TURKEY EAT

A Once Popular Feast in the Pennsylvania Mountains.

GONE WITH THE WOODSMEN.

The People, Traditions and Associations That Made It Possible Are No More, and It Joins in Oblivion the Apple Out and Quilting Bee.

"It isn't because there is no more material in the Blue mountain region of Pennsylvania to provide a turkey eat that we have had the last of those famous festivities," said a former dweller of the district described, "for there are still wild turkeys a plenty."

"The turkey eat has gone out with the passing of the people whose homes, traditions and manner of life made it possible and with the occupation that was once theirs."

"In the days when the turkey eat was the great winter festivity in the mountain districts between the Schuylkill and the Juniata watersheds the population was chiefly of rude and rugged woodmen and their families, many of them descendants of pure Pennsylvania Dutch stock. Scores of them depended almost entirely on their skill with gun and trap for their food supply."

"The cabins of these mountaineers were built of logs, the chimneys between which were filled with clay. A huge stone chimney rose at one end of the cabin outside, covering that entire end, while on the inside it opened, on a broad fireplace across that end of the room."

"The cabin was banked all around with earth, against which hemlock and pine boughs were heaped. Sometimes rows of cord wood were piled up almost to the eaves, the better to keep out the cold, which is always intense during winter on those wild swept hills."

"There was rarely a cabin with more than one room. The walls were dark and smoky, and from rafter or beam hung plentiful strips of jerked venison and chunks of smoked bear meat, along with hams and bacon from the family pigs fattened in the woods and almost as wild as the bear and the deer. But the choicest and best beloved thing of the cabin'sarder was the fat and well frozen wild turkey."

"While the woodsmen's cabin was always prepared for a turkey eat, it never knew when it was coming. A turkey eat began with the making up of a party in a neighboring village or settlement. Taking along a fiddler, they would appear at this, that or the other woodman's cabin of a winter evening, and the woodman and his family did the rest."

"Instinctively the birch wood path of elder came forth. While the cabin's guests drank cider the host prepared and spitted the turkey over the hickory coals in the fireplace to roast for the feast. When it was ready for the table it was placed before the guests on a big tin platter. Each one carved for himself, the plates being squares of birch bark."

"The turkey eat was not complete, though, without a liberal supply of 'paan haas' and head cheese, and with it went the sweetest of rye bread and butter. Paan haas is a strictly Pennsylvania Dutch creation."

"It is made from the rich juices left after boiling the ingredients for head cheese, these being thickened to a stiff paste with buckwheat flour. This paste is pressed in forms until cold and is served in slices. It is a dull blue in color, very rich and very good."

"After the feast the turkey eat was rounded out by a night of jolly superinduced by the fiddle and maintained by it in its music for the old fashioned cotillon figures and reels, which were danced until the gray of morning."

"But most of those old time woodsmen have passed away, and on those who are still dwellers in the mountains the game laws have forced a situation that leaves them with their ancient occupation gone, and the hunt being no longer a source of maintenance its traditions have departed with it. The newer generation of these people is of other tastes and associations, so while the wild turkey is yet in proximity in that Blue mountain region to supply the material for the festive turkey eat the traditions and associations that made it possible are no more, and it is gone, like the apple out, the quilting bee, the pig killing frolic and others of the old time rural pastimes that are now but a memory."—New York Sun.

Hot Stuff.

The great editor looked up impatiently.

"Boy," he said, "what is that rustling in the wastebasket—a mouse?"

The boy after examining the basket answered:

"No, sir; it's one o' them poems o' passion throbbin'."

"Well, pour some water on it and then drop it out of the window," said the editor. "The building isn't insured."—Kansas Independent.

Where Parliament Failed.

According to all accounts, the Cameron highlanders militia are a fine body of men physically. Not long ago four of them occupied the least crowded seat in a full compartment on a Scotland railway. Just as the train was moving off a diminutive little clergyman jumped into the compartment and tried to take himself in between two of the highlanders. Not finding it very comfortable, he turned to the one on his right and said: "Sit up, please. You know that, according to act of parliament, the seat holds five."

The highlander looked at him for a moment and then replied: "That may be a right enough for your kind, sir, but shairly ye canna' blame me for no bein' constructed according to act of parliament!"

Higher Power.

"Hardly any power is so exalted that it does not bend the knees to a higher one. Where there's a car there's usually a carman."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

A TURNER MASTERPIECE.

Origin of the Painter's Famous "Rain, Steam and Speed."

Of all pictures by the great English color poet, Turner, none is more popular than that which now graces the London National gallery under the name of "Rain, Steam and Speed," which was first exhibited in 1844. It is impossible to reproduce this adequately.

Concerning the origin of this picture Ruskin furnishes an interesting tale. The story was told to him by a friend, Lady Simon. It seems that she was traveling one night in the early days of the Great Western railway from Exeter to London. "When I had taken off my coat and smoothed my ruffled blouse and generally settled myself," she tells, "I looked up to see the most wonderful eyes I ever saw, steadily, humbly, calmly, kindly, paternally looking at me. The hat was over the forehead, the mouth and chin buried in the brown velvet coat collar of the brown greatcoat. Well, we went on, and the storm went on more and more until we reached Bristol, where we waited ten minutes. My old gentleman rubbed the side window with his coat cuff, in vain. He attacked the center window, again in vain, so blurred and blotted was it with the torrents of rain. A moment's hesitation and then, 'Young lady, would you mind my putting down this window?'"

"Oh, no not at all."

"You may be drenched, you know."

"Never mind, sir."

"Immediately down went the window and out went the old gentleman's head and shoulders, and I said, 'Oh, please let me look!'"

"Now, you will be drenched," he remonstrated. "But he half opened the window for me to see. Such a night! Such a chaos of elemental and artificial lights and noises I never saw nor heard. He drew up the window as we moved on. I leaned back for some minutes with closed eyes, then opened them and said, 'Well, I have been drenched, but it was well worth it!'"

"He nodded and smiled and again took to his steady but ineffective, perspiring of my face. The next year, I think it was, going to the academy, I turned at once, as I always did, to see what Turners there were. Imagine my feelings! There stood written 'Rain, Steam and Speed, Great Western, June, 1843.' I had found out whom the seeing-eyes belonged to. As I stood looking at the picture I heard a man's voice behind me say: 'There, now, just look at that! Ah! It's just like Turner! Who ever saw such a glorious conglomeration?' I turned very quietly round and said: 'Did I, I was in the train that night, and it is perfectly and wonderfully true.' After that I walked quietly away."—Helen Zimmerman in Metropolitan Magazine.

Kongo Natives and Their Dead.

"In the matter of preserving bodies for burial Kongo, after the usual blinding in cloth, keep them for two or three months in their houses, where a fire is kept burning, but in Zombi they are suspended on two forked sticks in a dugout vault in the ground, which is covered over with palm branches and earth," says a missionary. "Sometimes the body is placed under a specially built grass roof in the open." "This is not considered a burial, and some years ago they brought out for a big funeral feast and dance the body of an important chief that had thus been preserved for over twenty years. In other districts the dead are thrown away into a river or into the bush to be devoured by jackals and vultures."

Zoology and Flags.

Zoology figures very largely on the flags of different nations. On the British royal standard is the lion, by the way, who altered the device from leopards to lions on the king's standard. The eagle appears on the standards of both Russia and Germany and both the lion and the eagle on that of Spain. Bulgaria has a lion, China a dragon and Mexico a bird quarrelling with a snake. Taken together with the animals that appear on nations' arms, the royal unicorn and Australian emu and kangaroo, a fairly comprehensive collection could be made from national emblems.

Going Too Far.

At a school exhibition a juvenile eloquentist got up to recite the first piece of his life. He was ambitious. He wished to make a great success of his piece, and he had been told by his teacher that the secret of eloquence was the gesture—for every phrase its fitting gesture. The opening line of the boy's selection was, "The comet lifts its tail of fire." The overzealous boy, to fit its proper gesture to this line, lifted up the tail of his coat and held it out in a horizontal position.

Inconsistent.

Brown—"It's curious about people's beliefs. They will give entire credence to the most absurd things and put no faith whatever in the most obvious truths. Black—Yes, I've noticed it. There's Greece, now. He hasn't the least confidence in hash, but he'll eat all the croquettes and mince pie you can set before him.—Exchange.

Poor Excuse.

"Before we were married you said you'd lay down your life for me," she sobbed.

"I know it," he returned solemnly, "but this confounded flat is so tiny, there's no place to lay anything down."—Harper's Bazar.

In essentials unity, in doubtful things liberty, in all things charity.—Melancthon.

Good Behavior.

Employer—"Why were you discharged from your last place? Applicant—For good behavior. Employer—What do you mean by that? Applicant—They took three months off my sentence.—Cleveland Leader.

To make luscious paint, mix a small quantity of calcium sulphide with ordinary white paint.

BANK VAULTS.

Precautions For the Purpose of Foiling the Cracksmen.

Many banks, especially those in cities, have their vaults protected by an elaborate system of concealed wires connected to a central office not so far away, so that the least tampering with the combination lock or any attack upon the door or walls will give the alarm at the central office, where men are waiting day and night to run to the rescue. The exact method and devices that are used are kept rather secret, for fear the burglars themselves might learn too much about them, but it may be explained that one part of the apparatus is an extremely sensitive relay located at the central office. This delicate instrument closes a local circuit which sounds the alarm the moment there is the slightest disturbance of the hidden wires at and near the vault, so that a gang of burglars could hardly get to work with their drills and their nitroglycerin before the officers of the law would be upon them.

In addition to protecting vaults and safes from the direct attacks of robbers, electricity affords another safeguard by furnishing light which floods the premises with its searching beams. Indeed, many banks, stores and warehouses rely mainly upon the electric light, without which the thickest walls and the strongest and most complicated locks would be useless. They turn it on at night and leave their window shutters wide open, so that the interior may be in full view of the policeman or watchman passing the windows all night. This makes it practically impossible for lawbreakers to work unseen.

To protect life money windows of banks the teller behind the window has a concealed push button at hand, often times placed under the counter where he can touch it unobserved. If any one tries to steal any money, the teller can call an officer instantly in this way. The circuit is sometimes arranged to close the bank doors also by an electrically operated mechanism before the thief has time to get to them and escape.—Harper's Weekly.

WHERE RICH MEN ARE FEW.

They Are as Scarce as Black Swans in Bulgaria.

Bulgaria is the nearest approach to a peasant commonwealth which the world has known in modern times. There is not a Bulgarian Slav who is not the owner of a plot of land upon which he lives and out of which he gets his own livelihood by his own labor.

Large landowners are almost unknown. The few men of wealth in the country are mostly of foreign birth or descent, and even they would not be counted as wealthy according to the standard of other European countries.

The small landowners, who form the vast majority of the population, are peasant born and peasant bred. They are extremely thrifty. They are content with very plain food. They wear the same sheepskin garments from year to year, only turning their coats inside out with the changes of the season.

Whole families, even of well to do peasants, sleep in the same room upon mats stretched out on the floor. They live under conditions of dirt and discomfort which no British or German or French laborer would tolerate for a week. Yet, notwithstanding their disregard of the simplest sanitary arrangements, they grow up singularly strong and healthy.

Moreover, they are free from the irritation caused among other laborers, overworked if not underpaid, by the spectacle of neighbors living in affluence and ease without any necessity to curtail their expenditure. Rich men are black swans in Bulgaria. I was told by a foreign banker in Sofia who had traded for many years to the country that he doubted greatly whether there were fifty men in all the rural districts who had net incomes of \$5,000 a year.—London Illustrated News.

Faults on Both Sides.

"He was a mild and meek kind of husband, but at length his patience and good nature gave out, and he went to his lawyer to get him to draw up a deed of separation from his exasperating better half."

"Ah, well," said the lawyer thoughtfully, "perhaps there may be faults on both sides."

"You're right!" shouted the angry client. "She has a hump on her back and a wart on her nose."—New York Times.

Her Kick.

"I don't mind finding a gray hair or two in my own hair," sighed the beautiful girl who shows some few signs of the year and yellow leaf, "but when I pay \$3 for a nice bunch of lovely brown curls and have to pick them out of those, too, it isn't fair. Do you think it is?"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Located.

"Say," queried the would be hunter, "where is that place Atoms that so many people are blown to?"

"It's just the other side of Edgely, the place in which so many people are banged," answered the solemn person.—Chicago News.

The Right of the Kiss.

Some say kissing is a sin, but if it was a lawful, lawyers would not allow it; if it was a holy, ministers would not do it; if it was a modest, maidens would not take it; if it was a plenty, poor folk would not get it.—Robert Burns.

His Way Out of It.

"He don't give nuthin' to the church now?"

"No. Somebody told him the Bible says salvation is 'free,' an' he says fur to let him to dispute the Scrip-tures."—Atlanta Constitution.

Liberty exists in proportion to whole-some restraint.—Webster.

DIFFERENT STYLES.

How Meredith and Browning Might Describe the Same Incident.

If Browning and George Meredith were describing the same act they might both be obscure, but their descriptions would be entirely different. Suppose, for instance, they were describing even so prosaic and material an act as a man being knocked downstairs by another man to whom he had given the lie. Meredith's description would refer to something which an ordinary observer would not see or at least could not describe. It might be a sudden sense of anarchy in the brain of the assailant or a stupefaction and stupor serenely in that of the object of the assault.

He might write: "Wainwood's men vary in vehemence brought the baronet's arm up. He felt the doors of his brain burst and Wainwood a swift rushing of himself through air, accompanied with a clarity as of the annihilated."

Meredith, in other words, would speak queerly, because he was describing queer mental experiences. But Browning might simply be describing the material incident of the man being knocked downstairs, and his description would run:

What then? "You lie" and doormat below stairs. Takes bump from back.

This is not subtlety, but merely a kind of insane swiftness.—Gilbert K. Chesterton.

BEARDED LADIES.

A Parisian Showman Says They Are Quite Numerous.

An Englishwoman who confesses to a mild mania for attending the street fairs common in and around Paris says that she is always impressed by the extraordinary number of bearded ladies among the attractions.

"I was inclined to think that they were fakes," she says in the London Gentlewoman, "but when I discovered that they were quite genuine my surprise at this wonderful supply of phoenomena grew stronger. And when a few days ago I saw at the fair in the Avenue d'Orleans a lady exhibited with a long flowing beard I could no longer withhold my curiosity."

"I applied for information to a gentleman well known in the showman world and who acts as a kind of agent to the people owning shows, supplying them with the necessary goods, human and otherwise. This gentleman appeared surprised at my question."

"Bearded ladies," he exclaimed, "I can find as many as I like. You have no idea how many women, if they liked, could rival men as regards whiskers and mustaches. But they are not anxious to enter into that kind of competition."

Winged Burglars.

Buchner in his "Psychic Life of Animals" speaks of thievish bees which, in order to save themselves the trouble of working, attack well stocked hives in masses, kill the sentinels and the inhabitants, rob the hives and carry off the provisions. After repeated enterprises of this description they acquire a taste for robbery and violence. They recruit whole companies, which get more and more numerous, and finally they form regular colonies of brigand bees. But it is a still more curious fact that these brigand bees can be produced artificially by giving working bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink. The bees soon acquire a taste for this leverage, which has the same disastrous effect upon them as upon men. They become ill disposed and irritable and lose all desire for work, and finally, when they begin to feel hungry, they attack and plunder the well supplied hives.

One Reason.

There may be two reasons for a thing, both equally true, and it may be the height of folly to attribute the effect to both. A gentleman to whom art was a strange thing asked a friend to whom the ways of its votaries were more familiar:

"Why does Conneray stand off and half shut his eyes when he looks at the pictures he is painting? I was in his studio the other day, and he made me do it too."

"That's simply explained," replied the other. "Did you ever try to look at them near to, with your eyes wide open? Well, don't. You can't stand it."—Youth's Companion.

Didn't Wait For It.

A couple of Scotch ministers were taking dinner together one summer day in a little manse in the highlands. It was the Sabbath day, the weather was beautiful, and the bubbling streams were full of trout and the woods full of summer birds. One turned to the other and said:

"Mon, don't ye often feel tempted on these beautiful Sundays to go out fishing?"

"Na, na," said the other. "I never feel tempted. I jist gang."

Plenty of Him.

"What sort of man is Jinks?"

"The impression you get of Jinks depends on the circumstances under which you meet him. If you're there to collect money you won't like him. But if you're there to pay money he seems a lovely character."

An Appeal For Mercy.

"Judge," said the prisoner, "I suppose you're going to soak me."

"You are a habitual offender," replied the judge; "were caught with the stolen goods, and the court will have to do its painful duty."

"I don't want to seem unreasonable," replied the prisoner. "I don't mind a long sentence. I'm used to it. But say, Judge, cut out the lecture that usually goes with it, won't you?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Brute.

"Yes, this room is dark, damp and positively uninhabitable. It is supplied for your wife's mother, if she has one."

"She has. I'll take the flat."—Boston Traveler.

A BRILLIANT 'SHAM.

Paris Under the Rule of the Third Napoleon.

Never was there so pleasure loving and so easy going a court, and seldom has there been one which was externally so splendid. The emperor spent money like water and thereby increased a prosperity for the time and with it popularity for the government. Hundreds of millions were lavished upon Paris, much of it being wasted, yet none the less with the result that the city really despoiled its little bit of virtue. In these days it has gone to seed and grown shabby, but in 1859 everything seemed fresh and new and brilliant and imposing. The army was gotten to the core. Yet the emperor's cent guards were splendid, soldiers to the eye. Society was no less demoralized, yet its gaiety was exhilarating. These were the days when it was said that good Americans when they die go to Paris. The emperor conferred distinction by recognizing any foreigner. The empress set the fashions for the world. It was all a sham, but it was thoroughly magnificent in its way. It can best be understood at present by reading Zola's early novels, by recalling some chapters of Daudet's "Le Nabab" and by remembering Jacques Offenbach, whose opera bouffe was the most characteristic production of an empire which itself was bouffe. That shallow and yet carefully made was a total sneer. Every libretto was a mock of the old time virtues of chastity and honor and courage.—Harry Thurston Peck in Brookman.

BELLINI'S BEST OPERA.

"Norma" Was Hissed at First—The Composer's Death.

Bellini was born in Sicily. He died at Puteaux, near Paris, under some what strange circumstances, in 1835. Baron Ayne d'Ambo wrote to a friend: "I rode out to call on him; but, as usual, the gardener of his house refused to let me in. Later on in the day there was a heavy storm, and at about 5 o'clock I once again tried to see him. As no one answered the bell I pushed against the gate, and it gave way, so I got into the house. I found Bellini on a bed, abandoned by all. At first I thought that he was asleep. When I touched his hand, it was quite cold, for he was dead."

A curious letter is published, written by him when his "Norma" was hissed at the first representation: "I have just returned from the Scala. Would you believe it? 'Norma' was hissed. I no longer recognized the friendly Milanese, who received with enthusiasm and delight the 'Il Pirata,' 'La Straniera,' 'La Sonnambula.' I have deceived myself. I have made a great mistake. All my prognostications have been wrong. All my expectations have been illusions. But, I assure you from my heart, there are morsels in it that shall be proud if I can ever excel. Did not the Romans hiss 'L'Olympique' of the divine Pergolesi? In all theatrical productions the public is the supreme judge. The public will reverse its judgment. It will recognize that 'Norma' is the best of my operas."—Argonaut.

Source of His Money.

"How did he lose his money?"

"His father-in-law failed."—London Illustrated News.

He only is exempt from failures who makes no efforts.—Whately.

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Could Do It.

It was a mean trick, but, then, that is the kind that's usually successful. "That dog," said the owner, "will bring me anything I send him for, and I am willing to bet on it."

Straightway a bet was arranged, and then the manager of the billiard hall suggested that he would like to have the pool table brought to him.

"Certainly," answered the owner of the dog, and he pointed to the table and said, "Fetch it!"

The dog raced around it once, or twice and then grabbed a pocket and tore it off.

"Hold on!" cried the billiard man. "He'll ruin the table."

"Of course," answered the owner of the dog, "but if you give him time he'll get it all over here. You didn't suppose he could bring it, in one trip, did you?"

But the billiard man paid the bet.

Christening the Baby.

A north country parson thought it absurd that a working class woman should wish to christen her child "Laura Winifred Gwendolyn Genevieve."

"My good woman, what a ridiculously long and fanciful name!" he protested. "Why not choose something simpler—Sarah, for instance? That is my own wife's name."

"Ah, yes, Sarah's all very well for a parson's wife, but I hope my little gal will look a bit higher than that," answered the woman readily.

The astonished parson thereupon performed the ceremony without further comment.—London Telegraph.

The Retort Courteous.

Professor Bates was quizzing a student named Pond, who seemed to know nothing of the subject to hand. "Are there no fish in this pond this morning?" he exclaimed at length.

"Yes, professor," replied the student, "but the Bates no good."—Lippincott's.

Not Quite.

"I sleep with your letters under my pillow," the modern lover wrote. "Then he yawned and muttered to himself:

"At least I go to sleep over the letters. I suppose it's the same thing."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Board.

Sam Sparks—"Oh, yo' ain't do nothin' in de sunnowah. Der's lots ob cilden gals dat hab called me 'Sugah' befo' Ah ebber heerd ob yo'. Belinda Sparks—Well, man, if dey called yo' 'Sugah' dey sholy must hab meant leaf sugah.—Chicago News.

An Old Timer.

"He's an old newspaper man."

"About how old?"

"Well, he can remember when they only issued extras when something happened."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Europe is less than one-fourth as large as Asia.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

